

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

Vol. XV.

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No. 7.

L.

I looked well up, I looked well down,
I looked me all around;
But all in vain I sought a spot
Where love could not be found.

"At last I cried, "I know a place,"
And looked into my heart;
And there indeed I found a spot
In which love had no part.

But then I met with you, and now
I look below, above,
In heart and out, and find no place
But is filled full of love.

J. V. B.

The meetings at St. Louis were presided over with efficiency by two preachers—Rev. C. J. K. Jones, of Louisville, and Rev. David Utter, of Chicago, alternately. The Conference was held to its course as steadily, for aught we could see, as if the hands that held the reins belonged to a layman.

The advance sheets of *Unity Songs Resung* upon our table give new dignity and meaning to familiar lines. As about the only member of the UNITY team that is permanently neglected by the muse, we may be permitted to say that we are sure we are going to like the little book very much, and believe that it will endear itself to many others. A more extended notice of the book will be found on another page.

President Livermore, in a letter to the *Register* from Meadville, well says of the retiring pastor, Rev. W. P. Tilden: "His rich spiritual experience and the fountains of a warm and loving heart make him one of the youngest and freshest of our ministers." We regret very much that he could not be persuaded to stay in his useful work at Meadville another year; it was wholesome and helpful to us to have him even within four hundred miles of Chicago.

We call attention to Roberts Brothers' record, in our advertising columns, of Mrs. Tileston's long travel among "old flower fields of the soul." Such collecting work as hers seems humble; but to do well what any one can do poorly takes rare power; and, besides the joy of reverence it brings the worker, it puts far more readers in debt than most original writing can hope to do. Inspiration in fifty cent packages is what the little "Wisdom Series" means. We know friends to whom the world is dearer for her "Quiet Hours"—a collection of religious poems

voicing the Liberal Faith. And her "Daily Strength" is perhaps the best of all the little books for one's quiet *moment* at morning or evening. For friends of the right sort there is nothing choicer as a Christmas gift than the "Sunshine of the Soul"—another collection of poems—its two series bound in one, daintily white-covered and gold-lettered. W. C. G.

The Western Unitarian fellowship is not so large as to lose the family feeling. No one can be absent without being missed. No vacancy was more felt at St. Louis than that caused by the absence of the Vice-president, Rev. G. E. Gordon, of Milwaukee, who at previous sessions has presided with so much grace and dignity. We hope the promise that he will be able to return in restored health to his post in June will prove true.

We welcome to our exchange table *Every Other Sunday*, the new paper of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society at Boston. If Sunday-schools need a paper, this must be very near the thing they need. But this pretty little paper will go to the home direct as willingly as by the way of the church, and a growing number will prefer to have it take that route, so that the Sunday-school may stand still firmer on its own merits. We congratulate Brother Spaulding on the energy and success he represents.

The several societies whose annual meetings have just been held at St. Louis last week, in accordance with their usual custom, will make official use of UNITY to print their proceedings. It was impossible for the secretaries to bring out the annual number this week, so we must ask our readers to be content this week with our editorial comment upon the meetings and look in our next for the full transactions of a conference that was very largely attended by delegates from our widely separated churches.

A contributor, in thus characterizing "Eastern Unitarianism," succeeds none the less in describing the Western situation: "It had its birthplace and early home in Harvard College, Boston, and Massachusetts. Here is where Unitarianism is respectable, staid, rich, aristocratic, popular; and yet it is really popular only in a few large cities, and then the popularity is of a worldly sort. 'Unitarians are such nice people, their social atmosphere is so winning, they inspire such a sense of breezy wholesomeness.' But theologically they are suspected, secretly believed in by the very liberal orthodoxy, and yet half-pitied, half-envied for their unconcern for the future fire, and for the greatness they attach to the world they are living in, and the heaven they manage to get out of the present life. 'O, yes, Unitarians are

the very best people in the world, and if there were no hell to fear in the future we would all be Unitarians; but they are infidels, they don't believe anything, the Godhead of Christ, miracles, revealed religion—all is nature, man, goodness; they are optimists, scientists, revolutionists, semi-panteists, semi-fatalists.' 'No,' says the orthodox, 'we must not fellowship such people;' and, in the true meaning of 'popular,' Eastern Unitarians cannot be said to be that. As *folks* they are; as church people they are not."

Mr. Robert Buchanan's article, "The New Buddha," in the *North American Review*, revives a discussion aroused some years ago by the publication in that magazine of the "Confessions of an Evolutionist." The question is, Has an author any moral right to pretend to be his own antagonist in order to show the weaknesses of the antagonist's position? In some pages of the poorest possible poetry Mr. Buchanan pretends to be a pessimist in order to show that men must be either pessimists or Christians. The result may be quite satisfactory to him; but if there is no better way of meeting Schopenhauer's arguments than this, the case is much worse than we think.

The following is a quick response to our "Western Ministers' Institute" thought. Detroit would be a good place to begin, and Brother Forbush is a good man to make the arrangements. Next July or November we suggest as a good time. Our columns are open for further suggestions looking toward the carrying out of this plan:

DEAR UNITY:—Your idea of a "Ministers' Institute" among the Unitarian ministers of the West is excellent. All those who have attended the institutes in the East, especially those entirely devoted to scholarly discussion, know their great value as intellectual stimuli. Some have felt for the last few years that the sessions of the Western Conference have been too largely absorbed by detail, necessary, perhaps, but not inspiring. I am sure there are not a few who would hail with great satisfaction a gathering where thought should have precedence, and some of the traditions of scholarship should be revived. Let us come together and compare notes, bar out all questions of business, and try and find out what we are each thinking about. When and where shall the first Western Unitarian Minister's Institute be held?

T. B. FORBUSH.

Detroit, Mich.

Every Conference ought to have its *Book-Store Corner*. There was one at the St. Louis Conference just over, and at every interlude that corner had its tables rimmed with visitors examining and buying. One table was full of tracts—the two "Unity" series, long and short, with others; one was a small wilderness of Liberal Sunday-school literature—our Western work, with manuals from the Boston S. S. Society, and some from our English friends; on the next table the Colegrove Book Co. set up its Gospel booth—"a Book-Shelf of the Liberal Faith," it called the little libraries of twenty-eight chosen volumes which were offered; and then came a Free Table, where the A. U. A. tracts, *UNITY*, *Every Other Sunday*, *Our Best Words*, and other bits of bestness went for the taking. Four lists descriptive of these various publications were lying in wait in the pews, and *these probably did the work*. Some seventy books

were sold, and enough tracts, etc., to run the little business up to nearly \$150. But the seeing, the examining, the realizing that such literature existed, the taking home for after-use by teachers and church-workers of the circulars so pointedly descriptive, is perhaps to be considered as still larger good.

Why should not the State Conferences do the like at all their meetings? When a little more used to the missionary business, we shall not lose such opportunities for missionary work. The Colegrove Book Co. will be glad to send such an invoice of books for sale as may be asked for by any Conference or church at prices that will probably prevent loss to those who dare to venture; and the Unity Publishing Committee and the Sunday School Society will cooperate as best they can.

The four descriptive circulars referred to will be mailed to any one upon request addressed to "Unity Publishing Committee," 135 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

W. C. G.

Perhaps nothing done or said at the conference in St. Louis awakened so much thought, discussion, earnest assent, and earnest dissent, as the Secretary's report. It is evident that it plowed deep, and touched some pretty vital matters. The writer of the report could not believe that to prophecy smooth things, and omit the things which had a rugged face, was the way to help Unitarianism in the West. If Western Unitarianism is to surmount certain very grave obstacles which seem to him to stand in its way and seriously hinder its advance, those obstacles must be discovered. The Secretary, therefore, not only spoke of his own work during the year, and the work of his fellow laborers, and the signs of promise in the Western field, some of them very bright and encouraging, but he also pointed out certain new departures, which, in his judgment, must be made, if permanent and large success is to be reached by Western Unitarianism. Among these new departures named, two were spoken of as most important, viz: one of them, a systematic and earnest movement to establish religious worship in all our homes, and religious home culture among all our children; and the other, an arresting of the tendency, for a few years past so strong among us, to found our churches and conferences upon a simple ethical instead of theistic or Christian basis. The issue was brought out very distinctly: Is, or is not, a doctrinal or theological basis, to the extent, say, of *belief in God* as a Heavenly Father and hearer of prayer, necessary as a foundation for Unitarianism? The Secretary urged that it is, and that to found our churches as churches, or our denomination as a denomination, upon anything less than this, is for Unitarianism in the West to commit slow suicide. The Secretary's full report will be found in next week's *UNITY* (the Conference number). Let all read it, and judge for themselves, regarding the truth and importance of the things it contains.

S.

Two of Mr. Spurgeon's sons are preachers. The father has just been telling of his delight that they are. We can hardly conceive of a minister who loves his calling that would not share the feeling.

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN ANNIVERSARIES.

The Channing Club Room was deserted last week, and UNITY was left wholly to the tender mercies of our office editor. Everybody had gone to St. Louis, this year the Unitarian Jerusalem to which the faithful went up to their annual feast. Like the chosen of Israel, they came from the east and the west, the north and the south. They came singing their pilgrim songs joyfully and heartily. The formal programme of the Conference was not to begin until Tuesday evening, but it was evident that the Conference was already begun when we arrived at the Church of the Messiah a little before ten o'clock Tuesday morning. The beautiful church was already aglow with the expectant faces; Cincinnati and Portland, Oregon, were recognized; Louisville was greeting Boulder; Cleveland was being introduced to Lawrence; Meadville was shaking hands with Des Moines; Chicago and St. Louis delegates, quite unmindful of all commercial rivalry, were interlocking arms. Arrangements had been made for a ministers' meeting Tuesday forenoon and afternoon, but this attempt at division proved only a partial success. It is hard to survey the ecclesiastical line through a Unitarian field. The lay-delegates, men and women, hurried to the church as soon as they arrived. They were more interested in the questions the preachers had in hand than in seeing the city or doing anything else. They wanted to hear. But with considerable heroism the ministers succeeded in penning themselves in, and they found themselves twenty-five strong, in the ladies' parlor, with the doors closed, not by a unanimous vote, against two or three times that number of lay men and women in the social rooms below. The question for the morning discussion was that of a closer coöperation between the American Unitarian Association and the Western Conference, and it soon became evident that what was expected to be a "burning question" was one that could be harmoniously settled, as the subsequent action of the Conference proved. All were equally anxious to acknowledge the generosity and loyalty of the A. U. A. towards their Western interests, on the one hand; and on the other, to develop the self-reliance of our Western churches, and to strengthen the executive power, ability and responsibility of the Conference. This professional session was a profitable one, leaving nothing to regret except a lurking sense of meanness, in the minds of some of the ministers at least, over the closed door, which was increased upon their going below to find that the excluded laity, like Mary's lamb, had "lingered patiently about until the preachers did appear;" and then they all partook of the first of the four noon-day meals, which the ladies of St. Louis served with a bounty as lavish as was the grace and geniality with which it was given. In the afternoon the ministers concluded to "give it up," and not try to be exclusive any longer, and the question as to "How to find and to train young men and women for our ministry" was considered in the main audience room, with a large audience present, and really Mr. Utter and Mr. Clute opened the discussion in such a way as to give one of

the most important sessions of the Conference before the Conference began. There was more of prophecy and practical recognition of the fact that we were just entering upon a work the magnitude and importance of which is but feebly apprehended by the most prophetic among us, and that our present instrumentalities are as inadequate even to the existing religious needs and opportunities of this great country as is a kit of ladies' garden tools inadequate to the agricultural needs of a Kansas farmer.

The Conference Sermon by Brother Copeland, of Omaha, in the evening, was listened to by a large audience, and it was of the kind needed for such occasions,—a kindling word upon the abiding elements of religion, prophetic and undogmatic: "Let there be light," the divine command for all times and places, and the test of all revelations. The absence of President Moulton was regretted by all, but Secretary Sunderland gave the fitting word of greeting to the delegates assembled, and J. S. Garland, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees of the Church of the Messiah, gave cordial and eloquent welcome to the Conference, on behalf of a church that, as he said, "For over fifty years has been a church of true beneficence and a representative of freedom, fellowship and character in religion." On Wednesday morning the venerable and venerated voice of Dr. Eliot led a devotional meeting full of tenderness and reverence. At ten o'clock the Conference got to work and the session was consumed with the reports of Secretary, Treasurer, Publishing Committee and state workers. The experiment of returning to the custom of many years ago of listening to individual reports from the various State secretaries and missionaries, proved as heretofore but partially successful. They were presented at varying length and in different degrees of efficiency, so that the symmetry and relative importance of the work was lost. Too much time was consumed and the Conference failed to receive that unitary view of the entire field that is desirable. The Secretary's report showed a year of untiring and efficient activity on the part of himself and his associate workers. It also gave him an opportunity of dwelling at some length upon what he considered some dangerous tendencies in the Conference. The afternoon gave to the Conference a trilogy on "Worship in Relation to the Individual, the Church and the Home," discussed respectively by Brothers Howland, Blake and Gannett, which made as profound and helpful an impression, we are inclined to believe, as any papers ever read before the Western Conference. The Conference stood that afternoon on the Mount of Transfiguration: it was a refutation of the visionless estimate too often made of the Liberal faith,—that it has not in it the possibilities of vital piety. UNITY is glad to yield its claims to these papers that they may the more promptly appear and be accessible to the much larger audience in the columns of *The Christian Register*. Arrangements have been made for their prompt re-appearance in a little book, which we hope will find wide circulation. Wednesday night occurred the one disappointment of the programme in the non-appearance of John Fiske, whose word on "Religion and Evolution" was eagerly

looked for. An unexpected illness compelled him to send his regrets instead of bringing his word, but the Conference was too much absorbed in its work to be seriously affected even by this disappointment. The work went steadily on. Thursday morning was spent in Committee Rooms and in meetings of the Women's Conference and the officers of our State Conferences. Thursday afternoon was the Executive Session, where the business of the Conference received careful attention. The closer union sought for between east and west was most happily and unanimously secured by the election of the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association as one of the Directors of the Western Conference, by instructing the Directors to provide for the official representation of the Western Conference at the annual meetings of the A. U. A. by the payment of a sum of not less than ten dollars to its Treasurer annually, and by inviting the Association to use the Secretary of the Western Conference as its Western agent whenever such service will increase the efficiency of its Western activities; in consideration of which the Western Board undertakes to administer any funds that may be intrusted to it for the general work by the Association.

In the election of a secretary the strength of the spiritual fibre of the Western Conference was again beautifully exemplified and the fellowship of the spirit was shown to be stronger than a fellowship of dogma. The committee, being informed by Mr. Sunderland of his desire to retire from the secretaryship, put in nomination Rev. A. M. Judy, of Davenport; but in open conference Mr. Sunderland was constrained to reconsider his decision. This led to an earnest but thoroughly kindly consideration of some of the fundamental principles involved in the basis of the Western Conference and in the strictures upon the same made in the Secretary's report the day before. And for the first time in many years in the history of the Western Conference, there was an opportunity for the Conference to divide itself on a theological line, but the Conference *would not divide*, simply because it held then, as it has for years, such lines to be of subordinate importance. Mr. Sunderland was elected by means of the cordial support and leadership of those from whose opinion he most widely differs, and he will enter upon his work for another year with the heartiest backing of the most radical members of the Conference, because they recognize in him a consecrated and efficient worker.

Perhaps the most hopeful feature of the whole week was found in the added interest in, and the consequent increased dignity of, the meeting of the Sunday-school Society. Coming as it did on Friday morning, when every one was very tired, still the attendance was very large and the proceedings of an exceedingly interesting character. But we have already overrun our limits. We hope we have said just enough to secure on the part of each reader an interested reading of the official issue of UNITY next week. Suffice it for the present to say, UNITY comes back to its work more persuaded than ever of the vitality of the interests it represents. It loves not only the work but the workers more than ever, and it pledges itself anew to a hearty coöperation of the

three "W. U's." which this year are to be led forward to slow, hard, but prophetic work under the respective presidency of Joseph Shippen, Esq., Mrs. E. A. West, and Rev. J. Vila Blake; and the secretaryship of Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Miss Frances Le Bañon, and Mrs. E. T. Leonard.

Contributed Articles.

A CALL TO SPRING.

Where art thou, tardy Spring?
E'en while my song I sing
Thou should'st be with us.

O, could'st thou only see
What welcome waiteth thee,
In field and forest.

Art held by winter fast,
And hast not power to cast
Off his rude shackles?

Too long has been his reign,
Summon thy fairy train,
Charge him to loose thee.

Come to thy woodland bower,
Green grass and op'ning flower
Will spring to greet thee.

Red-vested troubadour
Hath left a sunny shore,
That he may cheer thee.

Blue-coated minstrelsy
Waiteth impatiently
For thy glad coming.

Sweet are the songs they sing,
As on impatient wing
Gaily they flutter.

Sweet—that a lover's notes
May burst from feathered throats,
Is there a doubter?

Did ever regal ear,
In ancient ages hear
Music diviner?

Unto each human life
With all its joy and strife,
Come, with renewing.

Breathe o'er each new-made grave,
Till the green grasses wave,
Like victory's banner.

Come with thy healing balm,
To the sick chamber—calm
All who are restless.

Breathe o'er each buried hope
Till some bright flower shall ope
With its peace message.

Unto each gladsome heart
Come, and thy store impart
Of joy and beauty.

Lovers are walking near,
Hast thou no wish to hear
What they are saying?

If magic be thine art,
Unto such lives impart
Strength to be faithful.

Plead with the tempted heart,
That as the green blades start
From the dry grasses,

So from sin's death and gloom
New life may rise and bloom,
And that forever.

Nobler than warrior's claim
Is the undying fame
Of souls victorious.

ELLA F. STEVENS.

CLEVELAND, April 10, 1885.

ROBERT BROWNING'S SAUL.

BY MRS. L. J. BLATTNER.

James Russell Lowell tells us that "there is only one thing better than tradition, and that is the original and eternal life out of which tradition takes its rise." And Matthew Arnold says, "The grand power of poetry is its interpretive power, by which I mean not a power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new and intimate sense of them and of our relation with them." Browning fully recognizes these truths and takes the simple record. *And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him;* and gives us in its place the awakening of the soul to consciousness of self and of the divine, through the vitalizing influence of love.

I think we feel, in reading the beautiful lines of this poem, that our interest as spectators of a drama of a time long gone by is lost in the love and pity that fills our hearts, *not* for Saul of old, but for all soul-isolation of which he seems the symbol. It matters little whether the characters presented to us are in strict accordance with the old version, the interest to *us* must center in the method that David—impelled by the contemplation of the highest ideal to which love can rise—pursues to rescue Saul from the madness that possesses him.

With a few strokes of his pen the poet outlines his subject and shows us Saul shrouded in darkness

so intense that to him the world is as naught, and yet this physical night surrounding him is not as black as is the darkness of his soul, shut out from all communion with the divine above or *around* him. "Saul blackest of all." But with the entrance of David, "God's child," fresh from nature—where "a light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread," and, above all, fresh from prayer to the "God of his fathers, which has lifted him up to the divine spirit of love," a sunbeam bursts through the tent-roof, the first ray of light or warmth to reach Saul. David, intent upon rescuing Saul, sees that mind, and heart, and soul of the latter, weary of conflict, have sunk into stupor, and begins his task by playing tunes familiar to the sheep at folding-time, peaceful and soothing, and proceeds to play such as influence various animals, passing on to the music of the reapers, the funeral dirge, the marriage chant, to martial strains, in all of which he appeals to the purely instinctive side of man's nature, that instinct which he shares with dumb animals,—

"God made all the creatures and gave them his love and our fear, To give sign we and they are his children, one family here,"

and finally reaches the highest instinct in man's nature, that possessed by man alone of God's creatures, when he plays the chorus of the Levites approaching the altar. Here he pauses, for Saul, even in the darkness that shrouds him, groans; the soul shudders on confronting the height from which it had fallen.

As yet, this is the only sign of awakening, so David resumes his harp, and to the inanimate voice of the instrument, to the merely emotional side of music, adds the quickening impulse of song, of words that speak to the consciousness of man, and now follows a beautiful strain of praise of the consciousness of living. "Oh! the wild joys of living!" Again,

"How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ All the heart, and the soul, and the senses, forever in joy!"

Here we no longer have the purely *instinctive* life shared with the dumb creatures, but in its place, a life, physical though it be, for the most part *conscious* of its strength, its power, its beauty. Note the difference between the song of the aged mother in giving up her dearest treasure,—Let one more attest: "I have lived, seen God's hand through a life-time, and all was for best," with the despairing "Oh! would we might keep thee, my brother," of the preceding lines.

David goes still one step farther. Having sung of the joys of existence shared by all men, Saul's place as a leader among men, as a ruler of a people, is even on a higher plane, and life to him is of greater import and value. Here he calls the name of the king who starts at the word, again realizes his individuality, becomes conscious of himself and of his surroundings, but remains inactive, passive, "as the pallid sunsets in autumn." And David wonders how he is to sustain what song has restored. He feels that the emotional merely will no longer suffice, and recalls former reflections on "the prudence that keeps what man strives for," and forthwith soars to a higher plane, when he sings:

"Yea, my king,
Thou dost well in rejecting mere comforts that spring
From the mere mortal life held in common by man and by
brute,
In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in our *soul* it bears
fruit."

And he sings of action, of the immortality of the
"Deed." And it is here, I think, the resemblance to
Faust becomes most apparent. And even now, in
proffering Saul all that fame or fond memory can
give, he feels that his work is still incomplete, and
aglow with the love that fills all his being, he flings
aside his harp and rises to the grand climax of the
poem, conscious not only of this great love, but con-
scious of its divine origin, of its omnipotence.

"'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man
would do."

In so recognizing the nature of Divine love, he
transcends his own incompleteness, "seeks his flesh
in the godhead and finds it, and in this very failure
of his individual effort to do all for Saul, realizes
the highest form of love, the union of the Divine and
human, and shows Saul *The Christ*, and so finds
success, the granting of his prayer in the exaltation
of this prayer, the realization of his ideal in its incar-
nation.

Then follows a tender passage of David's return
home through scenes familiar, yet alive with a new
beauty, throbbing with the same love that fills his
own bosom, a beauty new to him because never
before comprehended, but old in its existence. The
same beautiful law and love throughout the world,
and the poem closes with a soft cadence, melting
away as the sweet strains of David's harp in a "dy-
ing, dying fall."

JAMES AND LUCRETIA MOTT—LIFE AND LETTERS.

Under this title Houghton, Mifflin & Co. lately
published a volume of considerable value to libraries
welcoming new details of the early anti-slavery strug-
gle in America. Besides its importance as a book of
reference in this behalf, and a special interest to
members of the Society of Friends and to promoters
of the women's movement, it has the usual attraction
of the modest biography for those who know little
of its subjects or of the historical significance of
their lives. Lucretia (Coffin) Mott, for the interest
attaches largely to her, was in later life a member of
the liberal or Hicksite body of Friends, and with her
husband, James Mott, resided near Philadelphia.

Of a Nantucket family which numbers Franklin
among its descendants, she showed the independence
of mind without the fertility, strength, or versatility,
and also without the politic wisdom of her celebrated
kinsman. She belonged rather to the school of those,
of one of whom (Sumner) it was said, "he was a cat
without smellers." Policy seems to have had little
part in her counsels, and her adopted motto, "Truth
for authority, not authority for truth," at one and
the same time menaced the doctrines of conservative
people in the fields of slavery, religion, and women's
rights. In this respect she was, perhaps, with all
her limitations, the woman of broadest view of any

of her time, and it is difficult to fix upon a man who,
in all these departments of social order, shows a like
record of correct judgment and unflinching advocacy.
In the latter respect she was aided by a gift of clear-
ness and power in public speaking allied to oratory.
"I cannot say she was eloquent," said a lawyer
accustomed to the speaking of women Friends. "I
suppose by the rules she was not; but I liked to
listen to her better than to any woman I ever heard."

She addressed the "National Anti-Slavery Society,"
of Philadelphia, in 1833; was president of the first
women's anti-slavery society formed soon thereafter,
and attended the general conference of the British
and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society of London in 1840,
but was rejected with other women delegates, among
whom was the wife of Wendell Phillips. Of this
World's Convention, the *Dublin Weekly Herald* said:
"Opinions differed materially as to whether Clarkson,
Buxton, O'Connell, Garrison, Thompson, Sturge or
Birney were the greatest men, but nobody doubted
that Lucretia Mott was the *lioness* of the convention.
She is a thin, *petite*, dark-complexioned woman of
about fifty years of age. She has striking intellectual
features, and bright, vivacious eyes. This lady has
the enviable celebrity of being one of the most
undaunted, consistent, able and indefatigable friends
of the slave."

At the great public meeting held shortly after the
convention in Glasgow, for the purpose of giving a
reception to the American delegates, Garrison con-
cluded his speech by saying that he could not forego
the opportunity of saying a few words in reference to
Lucretia Mott. She was the first woman who gave
him the right hand of fellowship when he came out
of prison, and she stood by him in many perils and
dangers. He was deeply indebted to her under God
for the measure of perseverance he had been enabled
to bear on the cause.

A careful reading of the volume will show that
these testimonials of the time were scarcely over-
wrought, and will also disclose pleasant pictures of a
happy and useful domestic life. The volume of 566
pages, with a comprehensive index, contains letters
from Wm. Howitt and Daniel O'Connell, and is
enriched by several portraits of the Mott's, and illus-
trations of their country homes.

C. H. R.

KILLING CHRIST TO KEEP A HOLY DAY.

The Jews who had just crucified Christ were very
anxious that one of their traditions should not be
violated in crucifying him on the Sabbath. After
doing the most villainous act in history they became
sensitive lest it should be done contrary to their re-
ligion. St. John thus spoke of the scrupulousness
and of their conduct thereunder: "The Jews there-
fore, because it was the preparation, that the bodies
should not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath
day (for that Sabbath day was an high day) besought
Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they
might be taken away. Then came the soldiers and
brake the legs of the first and of the other which was
crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus
and saw he was dead already, they brake not his legs;

but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water." This is a striking commentary on religious observance at the expense of common morality. Men could kill Christ who were too punctilious about ceremony to let him expire on a "high day." They could break his legs but they could not break the Sabbath. They meant to keep their tradition if they had to brutally outrage three bodies to do so. Rather than take any risk that the observance of a holy day should be marred they had a spear thrust in the side of Jesus; and when the blood and water flowed out assuring them that he was dead, their consciences were at rest and they could piously go on with their devotions. This is religion rioting in rascality: killing Christ quickly in order to get him out of the way of profaning a church holy day; breaking two men's legs so as not to profane their ceremonies. The Jews might have said: "We have killed three men; let us now go to divine service." They had hardly finished their butchery when they thought of the duties of the temple. It was like the assassins of the night of Bartholomew, who went immediately from their murders to mass; or like the burglar, who having robbed a pantry refused to eat the meat stolen because it was Friday. Many could kill Jesus without a scruple who would scruple to let him hang on Sunday. The day must be observed, no matter what becomes of the man. There are thieves too good to steal on Ash Wednesday, and murderers who would not kill in church. The slaying of a man they could easily get over, but not the profaning of the sanctuary. To kill Jesus seems not as bad as to let him "remain on the cross on the Sabbath day." To break living legs on Saturday is not as bad to them as to let a dead man hang on Sunday. This class can make away with life to keep a custom and add horror to crucifixion in order to prevent profanation to ceremony. They hurried up the death of Jesus lest he should die at the wrong time, and added fresh cruelty that they might have more sanctity in their worship. Thus many men in almost every age have been slain or mangled for the purposes of the church; that its creeds might not be disbelieved, that schism might not occur, that a ceremony might not be profaned or a rite neglected. Millions of Bohemians were killed or banished because of a dispute about the cup in the eucharist. The church could not see that the eucharist might better be destroyed than men; but thought it better to kill Christ than profane the Sabbath by letting him live till its hours should commence. Millions of butcheries have been perpetrated through the dark ages without scruple on account of scrupulousness about ceremonies. Jesus was being constantly mangled to prevent a holy day from being profaned. Breaking legs and thumbs and necks was resorted to to prevent the breaking of traditional customs. Thrusting a spear in the side of Jesus became a common preparation for devotional rites. Since Pilate's time many zealots have sought to enforce the decrees of the Inquisition by getting somebody to kill somebody in order to preserve some church formality. It was killing Jesus to keep the Sabbath, and breaking legs to preserve whole the church or its observances.

AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

The Study Table.

UNITY SONGS RESUNG.*

Poetry is read by two classes of people. First, those who read it for the sake of saying they have read it; who judge of it with the intellect, analyze it, label it and lay it away on the library shelf. This class, although small by comparison with the great mass who never read poetry at all, is nevertheless quite a large one. If poetry had no other readers than these, however, there would be slight need that any should be published; indeed their cold and critical attitude does already give sign of reacting on poetic productiveness.

Fortunately, however, there is another class. This is made up of those who read poetry because they are stirred by it; because their pulses are soothed or quickened by its tender sympathies; their outlook widened by its spiritual vision; their hearts made strong for "the dreary intercourse of daily life" by its revelations of the ideal. The poet's words linger in their minds because his thought has sunk into their souls; they recur to them again and again as one returns many times to a beautiful picture or a lovely prospect in nature, the charm growing deeper and dearer with closer acquaintance. These are the true poetry lovers, and it is they who, more than any others, furnish a saving hope that our literature is not to become entirely utilitarian and materialistic as is charged so often.

To this small but high company, *Unity Songs Resung* addresses itself. Pedants will not care for it, because there are no great names to talk about; with the exception of Hattie Tyng Griswold and Ella Wheeler Wilcox there are none who can even be called "professional" by reason of having published their own verses; ambitious talkers and club-folk will not seek it, because it does not concern itself with weighty problems or dramatic portrayals; but the people who delight in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, or Mrs. Tileston's *Quiet Hours*, or *Sunshine in the Soul*, will do well to add to their list *Unity Songs Resung*. It will take truly high rank even in such good company.

As might be supposed, since twenty-eight different authors are represented, it addresses itself to many moods of mind. Perhaps the most frequent note is that of trust, resignation, and prayer under pain and loss. "Green Pastures and Still Waters," "Not as I Will," "Pain," "The Heart Prayer," are some of the most beautiful. Of very rare loftiness are two poems touching the future life. The point of view is one with which Browning readers are familiar:

"Let it but resemble
Earth myself have known! No bliss that's finer, fuller,
Only bliss that lasts."

(Browning's *Ferishtah's Fancies*, p. 52.)

Not unworthy to be set beside any of the Browning passages, we have this from Alice Williams Brotherton:—

*UNITY SONGS RESUNG. Compiled by C. H. K. Chicago: The Colegrove Book Company. 1885. 18mo, cloth, gilt top, pp. 159. \$1.25.

"Or will the heavenly scene
Be such as here we know?
The heavenly mansions be
Perchance not all aglow
With gold, and glitter and sheen,
But *radiant with love that we*
Have known before—below!

"Dear Lord, if this might be!—
That it might be the same
Dear home that in bygone days
Made earth an Eden below!—
How gladly would I go
When the Shadow with veiled face
Bade come "In the King's Name!"
(In the King's Name, p. 25.)

And this by James Vila Blake:—

"In God's world can be no change
That will be foreign, alien, strange
To the humblest of his creatures;
But everything will come with features
Familiar, half-known before, half-seen;
And to me, dying, death will be
What to me, living, life hath been—
All natural and sweet and good,
Like any simple habitude.
Even if I die to live no more,
'Twill be as waves break on the shore
That knew not their full voice before,
And, while they think how blithe they roar,
Sink back with music in the sea."

(*Sursum Corda*, p. 75.)

It is difficult to make citations where readers, choosing for themselves, would differ as widely as tastes and temperaments differ. "His Reverie" will be a favorite with those attracted by sweet and fine love lyrics; "Patience" and "The New Year" have an Emersonian quality which will charm others; but probably almost every one will agree that the compiler was wise in giving the largest number of pages to the poems of W. C. Gannett.

The make-up of the book is in keeping with the contents, and is dainty and attractive enough for a gift even to the most fastidious person, on any of the many occasions in which a book of choice poems seems the most appropriate offering of friendship.

A. B. M'M.

THE ART OF BEING A CITIZEN.—So the new Unity Club Leaflet (No. X.), just out, might have been named. It is called "The Study of Politics in Unity Clubs and Classes." It is prepared by Geo. L. Fox, a teacher in the New Haven High School. He gives a few hints as to the best order and the live methods of studying the subject, and then a *descriptive* list of books and magazine articles to help the student; this list under such heads as "For Children," "For Older Classes," "The State Government," "The Town Meeting," "Town and City Government," "The National Government," "Political Ethics," "Civil Service Reform," etc. Publishers' names and prices are inserted. "The Society for Political Education" is described. The Leaflet is thus made very valuable to the class-leader or public librarian. If less for the librarian and more for the class itself, less a list and more a crisp stimulant, it might have been still better.

Unity clubs and Sunday afternoon classes, planning now their next year's courses, would do well to examine the little pamphlet. No class work more useful for a dozen earnest twenty-year-old boys and

girls than on this subject; no teaching work more sure to reward its leader with the sense of possible *result*. The Leaflet grew out of the needs of such a class among the young men in Unity Church, St. Paul. Price, 10 cents. Unity Publishing Committee, 135 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

W. C. G.

PARADISE FOUND—By Wm. F. Warren. This work, which is attracting much attention, is further defined upon the title page as "A Study of the Prehistoric World," and is written to establish the claim of the North Pole as the cradle of the human race. The author, who is president of Boston University, has prepared his work with great care, as is evident from the copious table of contents, a complete index, and the original illustrations which help to convey his meaning to the reader. The book is dedicated "with friendly permission," to Professor Max Müller, which at least indicates the scholarly rank of the writer and does something to establish his claim to an attentive hearing. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

W.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HOW SHOULD I PRONOUNCE? By William Henry Phye. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1885. Square 18mo, pp. 305. \$1.25.
A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF DRUMMOND'S NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD: with a reply to some of its conclusions. By E. C. Larned. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1885. Paper, pp. 46.

Little Unity.

BED-TIME.

Is it really true,
Sweethearts, that you
Would like to sit up as the old folks do?

Don't you know, bright eyes,
To be healthy and wise,
It is "early to bed and early to rise"?

What does the sun
When the day is done,
And his long and shining race is run?

He does what's best;
He sinks to rest
On a bed of flowers in the glowing west.

And the crescent moon
Of a night in June,
Does she think her bedtime comes too soon?

Though we see her float
Like a fairy boat,
She's gone before the first whippoorwill's note.

(But when it is right
That we should have light,
The *man* in the moon stays up all night.)

In the forest deep
The birds are asleep
Before the stars have begun to peep.

On the flowers, too,
With the twilight dew,
Sleep falls, and tints each one anew.

And, as daylight dies,
To your little eyes
May a quiet sleep bring a sweet surprise.

So when night is done,
And the day's begun,
You'll be fair as the flowers and bright as the
sun.

ANNA M. PRATT.

GLIMPSES OF CHILDHOOD.

"A child's ignorance is more charming than man's knowledge."—
EMERSON.

Who can look back on by-gone years and not wish occasionally for a magic curtain to drop on the present, revealing, as it unfolds, the happy pleasures and childish innocence of former years? Look at the children around you and you will find the magic curtain, magic indeed in this respect, that instead of dropping slowly down before your wondering eyes, it is *growing up*, unfolding and expanding some new beauty or exposing some well-remembered fault. What pleasure to note the many wonders of this all-revealing scene! What innocence in the sweet child face, what purity in the clear child eyes!

As year by year the youthful form and budding mind develop, we see the broadest page of human nature, whereon is traced its many virtues in the bright sunlight of unrestrained truth, innocence, purity, and the opposite vices in the dark shadows of cunning deceit, selfishness or passion. No feeling is disguised. What comes into the little head is shown in the truthful eyes, expressed by the artless lips, no matter in what company or what place.

"Aren't you ever going home, Miss Brown?" from a little four-year-old to the young lady caller of whom at that moment she was tired. How many truth-loving "grown up" individuals would ever succumb to the temptation of being candid under similar circumstances?

Note this mixture of generosity and selfishness: "Mamma, haven't you any aunt Mary?" "No, dear, I never had an aunt Mary." "Well, then, mamma, I'll give you mine. Won't that be nice?" and the formal gift was accompanied by a fond caress. A few days after, hearing her speak of "my aunt Mary," I interrupted her with—"Oh, but you have given her to me, and you *haven't any aunt Mary*." The look of grieved astonishment was quickly followed by one of innocence and joy as she lovingly laid her face against my cheek and solved the difficulty by saying: "But, mamma, I was only *guessing* about it when I gave her to you, and I must have her back again."

The receptive faculties are early awake to receive and retain both fair and foul pictures, whether of deeds, actions or words, and yet how hard to be proper examples before these little Argus-eyed ob-

servers! How many unconscious slips are noticed and reproduced! "Oh, mamma, I hate to wait so long before I get big! I wish I could grow fast!" exclaimed four-year-old Jessie. "Well, my dear, wishing won't do any good. You must be satisfied to grow a little every day." A few days later my fire was low, and knowing the necessity of a little tact, I said: "I wish I had a good little girl to get some chips." "Well, mamma, *wishing* won't do any good," was the dignified and decisive answer.

And yet as the curtain still rises we see only the traits and characteristics of our own childhood—of all humanity, for "this is the porcelain clay of human kind."

Each childish pleasure only recalls a bright spot in our own lives. Each mischievous prank takes us back to our own fun-loving years, and a reprimand, be it never so loving, in thoughtful moments, will prick the vein of sympathy till the tender channels overflow. We live over again singular experiences, and if we could peer through the crusty shell of years, into the inner rooms of the average "grown up" soul, we might find a heart throbbing in unison with childish hearts, and longing for the innocence, freedom and happiness of childhood.

NELLIE V. ANDERSON.

SNAILS AS BAROMETERS.

A writer in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, treating of the habits of different animals before a rain, says that he knows of no surer way of predicting the changes in the weather than by observing the habits of the snail.

Perhaps the readers of LITTLE UNITY would like to know what the tiny creature does before a storm, so that Mr. Snail may serve as a barometer during the picnic season, when it is so important that we choose a bright day for our outing. Well, first, we are told that it is suspicious of a storm to find him abroad to all. He differs from boys and girls, in that he chooses the fine weather to stay at home. Two days before a rain he comes out for his promenade, which he usually makes up the stems of plants, or the body of a tree. If the rain is going to be a hard one, he gets on the sheltered side of the leaf, but if a short rain, he places himself on the outside. Certain species of snails are yellow before a rain, and blue after it. One kind indicates rain by holes and protuberances, which rise as large tubercles. These begin to show themselves ten days before the rain. At the end of the tubercle there is a pore which opens when the rain comes, to absorb the moisture. This little fellow would be of importance as a weather indicator; he gives his information so long beforehand, we should have ample time to make our arrangements. But if we should not all be fortunate enough to find a snail in our walks to consult during the summer months, we can easily find a colony of busy ants, whose habits we can study. If we find them hurrying and scurrying around, running hither and yon, we had better defer the picnic. A practice of closely observing the habits of animals would teach us many things worth knowing, and be a source of pleasure and profit.

A. L. P.

UNITY.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1885.

As Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference I recommend to all our western churches the adoption of the following Bond of Union. Not that I care for this, or any other form, as a form; but I feel sure that it is important for our churches to have some distinct basis which all may understand, and upon which we may all definitely build, and the following seems to me in every way admirable. It originated with Rev. Charles G. Ames, of Philadelphia, and has been adopted by his church, the churches of Mr. Dole, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., Mr. Slicer, of Providence, R. I., Mr. Wendte of Newport, and others:

BOND OF UNION.

"In the love of truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we join for the worship of God and the service of man."

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

THERE are over thirty Jewish synagogues, and 100,000 Jews in New York city.

REPORTS come saying Prof. Huxley is in feeble health, and has been compelled to cease work.

THE Catholic Church of the United States has one cardinal, fourteen archbishops, and sixty-one bishops.

THE last *Christian Register* contains an able and very suggestive sermon from Rev. C. W. Wendte on "Why do not People go to Church?"

REV. GEORGE A. THAYER, of Cincinnati, began last Sunday a series of four Sunday morning sermons on "Man's Origin and Destiny." 1. "Whence Came Man, and by what Road?" 2. "Why Here; the

Human and the Divine Aim?" 3. "The Powers which Shape Him." 4. "His Future in Time and Eternity."

A MEXICAN railway company is said to have bought for fuel three hundred wooden images of Catholic saints. Thus superstition perishes by fire.

REV. J. H. CROOKER, of Madison, remained in St. Louis over Sunday, and preached for Mr. Snyder. Rev. J. L. Dudley supplied the Madison pulpit.

THE present Pope, since the beginning of his pontificate, has founded five archiepiscopal and twenty-three episcopal sees, and created thirty-five cardinals.

THE Pope has written to the Catholic bishops in England to publish the instructions of the Propaganda against the education of Catholics in English universities.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, who never loses an opportunity to do good to her fellow human beings, has recently been raising money for the sick and wounded British soldiers in the Soudan.

"TWENTY-FIVE Sermons of Twenty-five Years" is the title of a volume of discourses by Wm. J. Potter, which will be issued this month from the press of George H. Ellis, Boston.

THE sum of 12,000 rupees has been subscribed to create a memorial to the late Keshub Chunder Sen, the Theistic prophet of India. It is not decided yet, however, what form the memorial shall take.

REV. THOMAS J. VAN NESS, of Denver, Colorado, is delivering a course of sermons on "The Bible," which are attracting considerable attention and are appearing in print in the *Denver Tribune-Republican*.

THE Methodists estimate an addition of forty thousand members to their churches in the Western states during the past three months, and the Presbyterians claim twenty-five thousand additions within the same period.

THOUGHTFUL readers will have to look far before they find anything more suggestive than Dr. Thomas Hill's article in the *May Unitarian Review*, on "The Unseen Real," or the invisible forces which underlie the visible world.

RECENT canvassings made in Minneapolis, Minn., reveal the fact, that of the 391 owners and officers of the 82 largest business concerns of that city, 286 are professing Christians, 94 are favorable to Christianity, and 11 are opposed to it.

SAYS the *London Christian Life*: "There are Buddhists in St. Louis, and they are talking of building a temple to worship in, as the Paris Buddhists have done." Have our St. Louis friends heard of this interesting bit of news?

JAMES MARTINEAU, of England, our most eminent living Unitarian, has just passed his eightieth birthday. Yet only within the past year he has given to the world the greatest book of his life,

"Types of Ethical Theory"; and we are told that he is at work upon another equally important, upon the Philosophy of Religion, which he hopes to complete before he has finally to lay down his pen.

DES MOINES, Iowa's capital city, one year ago had sixty saloons, paying \$60,000 license into the city treasury. Now it does not contain a single open dram-shop. That looks as if prohibitory laws may have some effect, even in large towns.

WHAT seems to be reliable authority places the number of evangelical preachers in this country at 76,760, the congregations at 126,109, and the communicants at 10,561,648. The Roman Catholics report 6,905 priests, 7,663 congregations, and 6,800,000 souls.

REV. WILLIAM P. TILDEN, one of the most beloved and venerated ministers in our body, who has been preaching at Meadville for two seasons, to the delight of church and Divinity School, has just taken his departure for the East, it is feared not to return west again.

THE Ohio legislature at its last session enacted a law prohibiting the sale of liquor within 1,200 feet of asylums for the insane or for idiots. Now if this same legislature will only enact another law, prohibiting the sale of liquor within 1,200 feet of the abodes of sane and rational people!

MR. GEORGE C. MILN, formerly a member of our ministerial fraternity, closed a long dramatic season of thirty-eight weeks on the 6th instant, at Cleveland. During that time he has traveled fifteen thousand miles, playing seven or eight times each week—never, however, on Sunday evening.

WE have just lost by death three of our well-known Unitarian ministers, one on this side the sea: Rev. Edwin J. Gerry, for twenty-five years pastor of the Hanover Street Chapel Mission in Boston; and two in England—viz: Rev. Charles Wicksteed, for many years pastor in Liverpool and Leeds, and Rev. E. M. Geldart, lately settled in Croydon.

MR. MOODY announces that a radical change has taken place within a few years past in his view of the doctrine of the Atonement. Formerly he regarded Christ's death as having taken place "to satisfy God's justice!" now he regards it as "an expression of God's love." This is a vast advance. Many Unitarians could join hands with him here.

MANY Adventists in the interior of Maine have been for some time believing that Christ was to come on the 29th of April, and the world end at that date. Some went so far as to prepare their "ascension robes," and pass the entire day with their robes on. But morning passed on to noon, and noon to afternoon, and afternoon to night, and Christ did not appear. How hard does superstition die!

PROF. C. C. EVERETT, Dean of the Harvard Divinity school, publishes the following announcement: For the year 1885-86 two Resident Fellowships of five hundred dollars each, will be assigned to gradu-

ates of theological schools, who intend to enter the Christian ministry. Candidates must present certificates of ability and character, and also specimens of their work. Applications must be made to the Dean before June 1, 1885.

SAYS REV. BROOKE HERFORD: "While the women of this country are as a class turning their minds earnestly to self-culture, the same cannot be said of the men—at least certainly it cannot in these Western cities. It makes me rather sad to see the generation of average young men who are growing up to be, a quarter of a century hence, the American nation—to see the rarity of any attempt to carry on their education after they leave school, the absence of any taste for reading, the gradual growth of an incapacity for reading anything but the newspaper."

A CARPET KNIGHT, by Harford Fleming, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, is one of the better type of society novels, dealing, that is, with the doings and fortunes of happily circumstanced, refined and cultivated people, moving in the upper strata of New York and Philadelphia society. The book is pleasingly devoid of many of the affectations, both of style and sentiment, which characterize many such writings. There is a true and earnest man for hero, a good-hearted, sensible girl for heroine, and a number of other intelligent, kindly disposed people, whose mingled destinies are woven into a very pleasant tale, worth the telling. w.

IN the center of the south transcript of Westminster Abbey (the Poets' Corner) is an inscription upon a stone slab in the floor, over which there is a constant tread of feet. It reads, "Charles Dickens, born February 7, 1812; died, June 9, 1870." Fourteen years have passed since the graver's tool made the simple record, but fresh flowers are still placed there. "Beautiful" do you say? Yes. "Wonderful?" No. Charles Dickens scattered too many blossoms of love and tenderness and charity in the hearts of his fellow men for them to forget to carry flowers to deck his resting place. "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall they give into your bosom."

As another evidence that the Episcopal church of this country is beginning to take hold with great vigor of the practical social and religious questions of our day, we are informed that the coming "Mission" which that body is preparing for in New York is to give its attention almost exclusively to the following stirring subjects: 1. The evil resulting from making distinctions of accommodation between the rich and the poor in the churches. 2. The lack of personal spiritual ministry to the rich. 3. The keeping of stores open late on Saturday nights, and the lack of Saturday half-holidays for the working masses. 4. The wrongs inflicted by the employer upon the employé. 5. The overweening desire for wealth, which results in the manifold evils of unscrupulous competition, overwork and underpay, and mutual discontent between the employer and the employé.

Announcements.

The Subscription price of UNITY is \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance. Single copies 5 cents.

The date on the address label indicates the time to which the subscription is paid.

Remittances are acknowledged by changing this date. No written receipts are sent unless requested.

Subscribers are requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions and send in their renewal without waiting for a bill. No paper discontinued without an express order and payment of all arrearages.

Contracts for Advertising in UNITY can be made by applying to Edwin Alden & Bro., Fifth and Vine streets, Cincinnati, or 140 Nassau street, New York City. Rate per line 8 cents. Electrotypes must be on metal.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Cor. Monroe and Laflin sts.

Minister, Rev. James Vila Blake.—Residence, 208½ Warren ave.

Sunday, May 17, the pastor, J. V. Blake, will preach at 10:45 morning; Sunday-school at 9:15 morning.

ALL SOULS CHURCH.

In Oakland Hall, corner Oakwood Boulevard and Ellis ave.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Residence, 200½ Thirty-seventh street. Services 10:45 A.M.; Sunday school, 9:30 A.M.

Sunday, May 17, the pastor will speak on "The New Problem in Church Architecture, or The Coming Church Building." Plans and diagrams of the building proposed for this society will be exhibited and explained at the close of the sermon.

Friday, May 22, 4:30 P.M., Sunday-school teachers' meeting at the pastor's study.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

Cor. Michigan ave. and Twenty-third st.

Minister, Rev. David Utter.—Residence, 13 Twenty-second street.

Sunday, May 10, sermon by the pastor; subject, "Keep Thy Heart."

UNITY CHURCH.

Cor. Dearborn ave. and Walton place.

Minister, Rev. George Batchelor. Residence, 24 Wisconsin st.

Sunday, May 17, services at 10:45 A.M., preaching by Rev. W. C. Gannett; Sunday-school at 12:10 P.M.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT for May 1 contains a sermon by Rev. Stopford Brooke, of London—subject: "The City of the Soul." Extra copies can be supplied at 5 cents each or \$2.50 per hundred, post-paid. Address this office.

PROSPECT HILL SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

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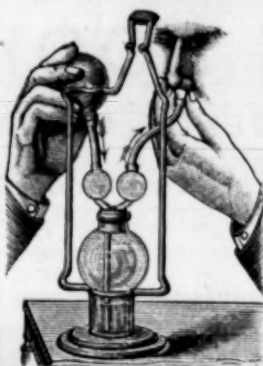
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